

Tears of Heaven

by Insignificance

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Summary: Duo reflects on the war.

Tears of Heaven

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Tears of Heaven By: Silver Star

I jumped out of the cockpit of my gundam with a heavy sigh, landing lightly on my feet. My last mission was a big one, considering I'm doing it by myself instead of with a partner. Killing that particular OZ leader wasn't easy, with all those guards, not to mention all the Leo troops that was stationed at that base, but I did it nonetheless.

Because that leader was such an important one, the base was in an uproar. I chuckled slightly. Obviously, they did not expect all the protection to fail, because all the officers that were under that leader were running around in chaos, not knowing what to do.

Apparently, they were given the orders that they were to obey him, and only him, so now that he's dead, they were completely lost.

Perfect. Mission accomplished.

I quickly made sure that my gundam is camouflaged, and then started to the cabin that is my current safe house. I smiled tiredly as I walked along the bank of the lake, following the path that would let me to the small log cabin.

I paused at the edge of the calm water and stared at my own reflection for a long moment. The water not only reflected me, but also the overcast sky above me.

Suddenly, a drop of moisture broke the serenity of the lake, breaking up the image of me. I looked up as more and more drops of water fell from the sky.

Rain.

I held out my right hand, feeling the cold drops gathering within the palm of my hand. The freezing cold water pelted down on me, soaking through my black clothing, but I did not move.

People say rain is the tear of heaven. When the heaven cries, its tears came down and clean the earth below it.

But I don't feel clean. I stared at the hand that was stretched in front of me. The water gathered in it suddenly turned to blood, blood that I had spilled for a lost cause, for a war that was lost before it had begun, for a peace that was nothing but an illusion.

To many people, rain is the tear of heaven, the salvation of humanity. But to me, rain is not tears, but the spilled blood of heaven, of all the people that I had killed, of all the people that died in this endless war.

The rain continued to fall, but they are no longer cold. No, they're not cold, they're warm, like the blood that flowed through me, or the blood that was so carelessly spilled upon the battlefield.

This war is pointless, and endless. So many people died. Innocent bystanders, trained soldiers, kind mothers, their children, college students, and even cold-hearted street rats. So many people sacrificed their lives for...for what? For peace? No, definitely not for peace. Street rats live to bring chaos, to steal and to survive by any means. Soldiers are trained to kill, to obey orders without hesitation, and to destroy anyone in their way.

The war is like an endless waltz. All kinds of people were dancing the dance of death. Old soldiers die, and new soldiers were born. Round and round, the dance goes on, never ending, never stopping, never letting the participants a chance to rest, never letting them live long enough to taste the wonderful taste of love, or even letting them know what love is. The dance is deadly, one wrong move; one wrong step and you could be dead before you were even born.

I suddenly snatched my hand back, as if been burned, and then shivered as the cold finally got to me. I shook my head, trying to get my bangs away from my face, but they plastered to my forehead like second skin. I reached behind me and patted the heavy mass of soaked silk that was my hair and smiled slightly.

Heero says I should cut it, that it could hinder me, or kill me in a mission. But I can't. It's important, so very important to me. People say I'm vain, perhaps I am, but my hair does more than just to enhance my looks. They are a reminder, something that held so many memories of my past, both good and bad times. And each of the strands represented a life that I had took in this endless war, a reminder of what I am and what I had done.

But they don't make me sad. No, they don't make me sad, they makes me happy. Why? Because, if those people who died cannot live their life, then I shall live it for them.

And perhaps then, I could finally redeem myself.

~*Owari*~

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